BALTIMORE CARDS.

Pianos, Pianos.



GOLD MEDAL FOR 1867

CHARLES M. STIEFF, For the Best Pianos now made over Baltimor Philadelphia and New York Pianos by the MARYLAND INSTITUTE.

OFFICE AND WAREROOM NO. 7 NORTH LIBERTY ST., near Baltimore street, Baltimore, all.

STIEFF'S PIANOS have all the latest improvements, including the AGRAFFE TREBLE,
Ivory Fronts, and the Improved French Action,
fully warranted for Fice Years, with the privilege
of exchange within 12 months if not entirely satisfactory to purchaser.
Second hand Pianos and Parlor Organs always

Second hand Pianos and Parlor Organs always on hand, from \$50 to \$310.

Referes who have our Pianos in use:—
Gen. R. 1 E, Lee, Lexington, Virginia. Gen. Rott. Ranson, Wilmington, N. C. John Burns, Dr. L. C. Cordell, Warren Eby, John B. Packett, Charlestown, Thos M. Isbell of Jefferson county, L. 1 B. Burns, of Clarke county, Mrs. Schwartswelder, Mozart Musical Association of Winchestor.

TERMS LIBERAL. A call is solicited.

April 14, 1868—o. d. Oct. 2.

B. HRUGH. J. G. RIDE YOUR. N. R. LANGDON. HOUGH, RIDENOUR & LANGDON, Commis'a Merchants, No. 124 South Eutaw Street, [OPPOSITE BALT. O. R. P. DEPOT.]

BALTIMORE.

69-ORDERS for all kinds of Merchandise, Salt,
Fish, Plaster, Guano, and the various Fertilizers
and Farming Implements, promptly filled. REFERENCES:

HOPKINS, HAANDEN & KEMP, Baltimore, HOPKINS, HAANDEN & KEMP, Baltimore, CANBY, GILPIN & CO.,

HROOKS, FAHNTSIOCK & CO.,

PENNMAN & BRO.,

DANIEL MILLER, Pres. Nat. Exc. Bank, Bal'more C. W. Button, Esq., Lynchburg, Va. DAVIS, Ropea & Co., Petersburg, Va. R. H. MILLER, Alexandria, Va. August 20, 1868—1y.

HORTICULTURAL WAREROOMS, No. 2, North Eutaw Street, BALTIMORE.

GARDEN SEED, FLOWER SEED, FLOWERING AND Vegetable Plants.

THE advertiser would respectfully advertise the public that he has received his stock of SEEDS, IMPLEMENTS, BULBS and PLANTS, and would name, in part, the following Seeds, &e:
Asparagus, Reans, Beet, Calbbage, Cauliflower, Carrot, Celery, Corn, Cucumber, Egg. Plant, Lettuce, Melon, Onion, Salsify, Parsnip, Peas, Tomato, Herbs, &c., &c.
Plows, Cultivators, Pruning Shears, Castings, &c., Garden Touls, Pansey Seed, Phlox, Asters.

&c., Garden Tools, Pansey Seed, Phlox, Asters Carnations, &c., Roses, Verbenss, Heliotropes, Ge-caniums, Fuschias, Stocks, and Fruit and Orna nental Trees, and all kinds of Vegetable Plants in

(Cason.)

(NG-This is the only store in town where the Farmer, Gardener and Amateur Florist can get all they may want. FRANK L. MORLING, Florist, Seedman and Nurseryman. April 7, 1869.

Howard House, Nos 5 & 7 North Howard Street, BALTIMORE.

THIS Hotel has recently been enlarged, thoroughout; and is now capable of accommodating over
300 guests. Under the management of the present
proprietors, it has obtained a popularity excelled
by no Hotel in the country. Everything which can
conduce to the comfort of guests, is lurnished with
an unsparing hand; and the Howard House offers
accommodations to the travelling public equal to
any other trat class Hotel in the United States.

BATHS BULLIARD ROOM, BAR, Erg... BATHS, BILLIARD ROOM, BAR, Erc.,

are all unexceptionable. The Proprietors solicit the patronage of the public.

Of Stages will be at the Depots on arrival of trains, also at the steamers on their arrival, to convey guests and their baggage to the House. TERMS---\$3.00 PER DAY.

MRS. MARY C. LUPTON

American Hotel. HARRISONBURG, VA.

Tills well-known Hotel has been entirely reno-vated, and the new Proprietors promise that Guests shall receive every comfort which well-stocked Larders, clean Beds, and attentive Servanst afford. TERMS, \$2.50 PER DAY.

November 17, 1863-3m.

JOHN M. LOCKE.

SHENANDOAH HOUSE. Queen Street, Below Race, MARTINSBURG, W. VA. JOHN FELLER, PROPRIETOR.

NEW and large additions have just been built to this House, consisting of Dining Room, Sleep-ing Apartments, &c., and is now the best in the State, East of the Alleghany mountains. It is fur-nished in the most modern and elegant style, and travelers and the business public can be comforta-bly entertained at moderate rates. THE BAR

rivals competition in the quality of its LIQUORS, and in every other matter pertaining to this department.

65- We shall endeavor to please all who favor us with a call.

March 24, 1868.

MATTHEWS, GIBSON & CO., Life and Fire Insurance Agents,

OFFICE, WINCHESTER, VA. Special Agents for the

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPY. OF NEW YORK, FOR Virginia, West Va. and Maryland.

THE LARGEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD.
ASSETS OVER \$25,000,000.

A PPLICATIONS left with EUGENE WEST,
Charlestown, W. Va., promptly attended to.—
Dr. G. F. Mason, Medical Examiner.
MATTHEWS, GIBSON & CO.,
August 25, 1863—tf. Special Agents.

ARLINGTON MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF VIRGINIA.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, RICHMOND. SSUES every description of non-forfeiting Life and Endowment Policies known in Life Insu-

rance.
It affords the utmost facility to all classes with the lowest rates of premiums.

It has equal claims with any Company whatever as affording perfect security to Policy holders, and its large and securely invested accumulation is con-

stantly increasing.

A man at the age of 30, may insure his life for \$1,000, by an annual payment of \$12.75.

INSURE YOUR LIFE IN A HOME COMPANY.

RANSON & DUKE, Agents,

November 24, 1868—3m. At Charlestown.

UPHOLSTERING. THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Charlestown and vicinity, that SOFAS, CHAIRS, MATTRASSES.

AND VENITIAN BLINDS. All orders left with Mr. George W. Sadler, will be promptly attended to.

AJ-All work warranted to give satisfaction.

November 3, 1868 W. T. SIMMONS.

10 KEGS Blasting Powder, Safety Fuse, Sporting Powder, Caps, Shot, Pistol Cartridges, Powder Plasks and Shot Pouches, for sale by December 8, 1868. RANSON & DUKE.



VOL. 21.

CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1868.

BALTIMORE CARDS.

[GEO. L. IGLEHART.] DUVALL & IGLEHART, Commis'n Merchants AND AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF LEAF TOBACCO, GRAIN, Flour and Produce Generally. ALSO DEALERS IN FERTILIZERS, GUANO, SEEDS, &c.

No. 60 South Street, BALTIMORE. J. H. WINDSOR.] [BERNARD McGINN.
J. H. WINDSOR & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Hats, Caps & Straw Goods.

Nos. 7 & 9 N. HOWARD ST. UP STAIRS, May 12, 1868-1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

M. TREISER, THOMAS S. SEALL. JAMES I. WADDELL, Maryland. West Va. North Carolina. Treiber, Beall & Co.

English and German Hardware, AND MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS AMERICAN HARDWARE, No. 19 German Street, BALTIMORE.

Speciality. - Wade & Butcher's Celebrated Edge September 1, 1868-tf.

James M. Adams, Draughtsman and Consulting Engineer, No. 4 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE, DEALER IN

Engineers' & Railroad Supplies, And Every Article Used in Constructing and

Operating the Different Kinds of Machinery.

Machinery.

Machinery. Steam and Vacuum Gauges Repaired Accurately and with Dispatch. Hydraulic Jacks to Bire or Sell, Ten to Fifteen Tons.

September 1, 1868-1y.

JOHN A. JARBOE,

White, Rosenberg & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF Hats, faps and Straw Goods, No. 318 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE. September 1, 1868—3m.

CHAS. M. CHRISTIAN,

Geo. W. B. Bartlett, SUCCESSOR TO R. HICKLEY & BRO.,

Foreign & Domestic Hardware. NO. S NORTH HOWARD STREET, Opposite the Howard House, BALTIMORE, MD.

Orders from the trade solicited. Goods sold t low figures, and on accommodating terms. June 30, 1868-1y.

selby & Dulany, 332 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, Keep constantly on hand a full stock of

Stationery, School Books. Memorandum Books, Blank Books, WRITING AND PRINTING PAPER, Envelopes, Inks, Mucilage, Pens, Pencils, Indelible

BLANK BOOKS OF ALL KINDS Made toorder at short notice, for Merchants, Courts, Hotels, Banks, &c. May 26, 1868-6m.

GOLDENBERG & CO. French Millinery Goods, BONNETS, KID GLOVES, ETC., NO. 51 NORTH HOWARD STREET. BALTIMORE, MD.

D. J. Goldenberg, formerly of Winchester, Va. A. Peyser, of Baltimore. May 12, 1868—6m.

GEO. R. COFFROTH & CO., Commission and Wholesale Dealers in Tobacco Snuffs & Cigars.

330 BALTIMORE STREET, Second Door West of Howard, BALTIMORE, MD.

Malthy House, A. B. MILLER, PROPRIETOR BALTIMORE, MD.

July 30, 1867-1y*. Miller's Hotel.

Corner Paca and German Streets, BALTIMORE, MD. LOUIS G. SHAFER & BRO. PROPRIETORS.
BOARD---\$2.00 PER DAY. March 24, 1868-6m.

WALTER CROOK, JR., 220 West Baltimore Street. BALTIMORE,

Dealer in and Manufacturer of Window Curtains, Upholstery Goods, Venitian Blinds,

WINDOW SHADES. MATTRESSES & BEDDING

Furnished at Short Notice. March 24, 1868-1y. Spring 1868.

LIGHT OVERCOATS, Adapted to the Season.

Tweed Overcoate from \$8 to \$10.
English Melton from \$12 to \$18.
Entire Souts from \$10 to \$18.
Large Line of
Boys' and Youths' Suits from \$5 to \$10.

Just placed in our Retail Department at the above Just piaces in our Lossian low prices.

Custom Department.

A large line of Goods on Sample for Men and Boy's Wear, to suit all tastes.

NOAH WALKER & CO.,

WASHINGTON BUILDING,

WASHINGTON BUILDING, 165 and 167 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE.

P. CONNER, PAPER HANGER, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, AND GRAINER, WINCHESTER, VA. Refer to P. Williams and others, Dec. 24, 1867

ENTLER HOTEL, SHEPHERDSTOWN, WEST VIRG'IA. J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor. SHOE Pegs and Shoe Findings for sale by
December 8. RANSON & DUKE.

Spirit of Jefferson.

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, Editor.

CHARLESTOWN, VA. Tuesday Morning, December 22, 1868.

Mr. Davis on English Explorations in Palestine.

By the foreign mails we find that Mr. Jefferson Davis' remarks on the Holy Land at Leamington, England, erroneously reported by the cable as a lecture, were no more than a little speech made by him on rising to second a vote of thanks to a gentleman (Rev. Dr. Tristam) who had lectured on "Buried Jerusalem" before the members of the Local Philosophical Society. Mr. Davis made various allusions to the Holy Land as the cradle, humanly speaking, of civilization as well as of the Christian religion. Referring to the demolition of the Temple, he observed that, although all must regret the ruin of a structure so much connected with the early history of religion, yet we might be consoled by the belief that it was necessary that the Temple should fall, in order that the star of Bethlehem might be seen of all men. He expressed his gratification at hearing from the lecturer that the Palestine explorations had been inaugurated under the patronage of

Englishwomen and executed by Englishmen. It was becoming a woman-for she was the last at the cross and the first at the sepulchre -to commence the explorations in confirmation of the great truths of Christianity. And it was well for Englishmen to undertake the work of exploration, for their blood was mingled with that of the Norsemen, with the Saxons, the teachers of the harmonious conglomeration of liberty and law, community and independence, individuality and self-will, and with the troubadour, the knightly soldier, represented in the Norman. These three elements combined in Englishmen, led to adventure, to love of truth, and gave the heart to do whatever the will might desire. The divine truths upon which our happiness here and hereafter was engrafted had been more and more established as science had trodden in the path of revelation. Such explorations as those which Dr. Tristam had narrated had revealed things not before fully comprehended, and shown that, as they progressed, truth would be more and more established, "for her years are eternal."

Suicide of a Boy in Philadelphia-A

Remarkable Case. In Second street, next door to Southwark Hall, is a drug store. Its proprietor had an employee, a lad twelve years of age, who washed bottles, swept out the store and ran errands, as occasion called for. He was a bright little fellow, who lived with his mother in a line of buildings contiguous to the hall, known as Placid place. The mother is a woman named Crossby. She seems to have visited the boy with oft-repeated and severe lacellations On Tuesday night, 24th ult. while for a moment he was alone in the store, yet smarting from the lash, he went to a shelf in the store upon which was an array of poison, and bearing above this inscription a skull and cross bones. The child knew the emblems upon the bottles indicated poison. Thrusting into one of them his pocket knife he withdrew a modicum of white powder, wrapped it in paper, and took it with him to his home. He ate his frugal supper and retired to sleep. He arose next morning, took his powder and swallowed it. The result was almost immediate. The mother frightened almost to distraction, sent for Dr. Thos. S. Reed, whose residence is nearly opposite to the Hall. The gentleman was in an instant at the bedside. He pronounced the child to be poisoned. The little fellow retained consciousness sufficiently long to tell what he had done, and then died. All the indications show that the jar or bottle from which the child took the poison contained strychnia. He had scarcely swallowed it before its effects upon the circulation were made manifest. Dr. Reed could administer no antidote with any effect. Collapse followed .-Half an hour after the drug was swallowed the child was a corpse.—North American.

- The immense speed of sea waves is astonishing. The subject has attracted attention since the recent earthquakes. Commodore Wilks, of the United States exploring expedition, in Vol. IV:, page 227, of his report, relates that a wave passed from Tutuila, in the Samoan group, to Oahu, Hawaii, in two hours and 30 minutes—the actual distance being 2,250 miles-the waves proceeding from south to north at the rate of 900 miles an hour.

- Gen. Cole has been acquitted of the murder of Hiscock, at Albany, New York. The verdict is a singular one. The jury found that at the moment of the killing the General was insane; and, at the instant after the homicide, he was sane.

- Bell Boyd, the famous rebel spy, so well known to hundreds of Confederate officers, and so famous for her book of adventures, has been playing an engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

- The enormous enterprise of piercing the Alps with a tunnel is said to be three parts finished The Mount Cenis tunnel, which is to be seven and a half miles in length, was commenced in November, 1860.

- Major A. E. Richards, formerly of Mosby's command, a native of Virginia, and General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, have formed a partnership, and are now practicing law in Louisville, Ky. - The result of the Cuban revolt is still

doubtful. Many native Cubans take sides against the revolutionists. Slave property has fallen twenty-five per cent. -Mr. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, succeeds the late Thaddeus Stevens as the Chair-

man of the House Committee on Appropria-- Four thousand and twenty oranges have been grown this season upon one tree at Mont-

gomery, near Savannah. - Nothing remains of Fort Lafayette but a ruined mass of brick and mortar. The loss to the Government will be about \$250,000.

- If you would make yourself agreeable wherever you go, listen to the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

The Planet Jupiter.

The chief arguments for the habituality of Jupiter are founded on his enormous magnitude and the magnificence of the system which circles around him. It seems difficult to imagine that so grand an orb has been created for no special purpose, and it is equally difficult to conceive what purpose Jupiter can be said to fulfil unless he is the abode of living creatures. He is, indeed, an object of wonder and admiration to our astronomers but the mind must be singularly constituted which can accept the view that Jupiter was constructed for no other end. When every object around us suffices to exhibit the omnipotence of the Creator, we require no such evidence as is afforded by a globe exceeding the earth 1,300 times and more in volume. The light afforded to us by Jupiter is so insignificant, also, that we cannot suppose him to have been created for no other purpose than to supply it. His influence in swaying the planetary motions is important, and he also appears to have a noteworthy influence on the sun's atmosphere; but neither influence seems necessary to the well being of the inhabitants of the earth. Thus we appear forced to concede that Jupiter has been constructed to be the abode of living crea-

The enormous volume of Jupiter is in part counteracted-so far as its influence on the inhabitants of Jupiter is concerned-by the small density of the planet, insomuch that the attraction of gravity at his surface is not so much greater than terrestial gravity as might be supposed. Yet it exceeds the latter more than two-fold; so that the weight of an inhabitant of our earth would be increased in about the same proportion if he were removed to Jupiter as it would be diminished if he were removed to Mars. The lightest men on earth would find themselves as unwieldy as our Lamberts and Bantings if they were placed on Jupiter's surface. We are compelled to recognize in this circumstance a peculiarity which would render Jupiter unfit for beings constituted exactly like the inhabitants of earth; but modifications not much more marked than those which distinguish the various species of the same genera on earth, would be sufficient to enable terrestrial races to endure, without discomfort or inconvenience, the powerful gravitation experienced by the inhabitants of Jupiter.

The day of Jupiter is less than ours in the proportion of about two to five, while his year contains nearly twelve of ours. His axis is so nearly perpendicular to his orbit that there are no appreciable seasons on his surface.

Self-made Men. We do not wonder that great men have been born mechanics; for those who have been brought up exclusively in drawing-rooms, intelligence is a game, a recreation; for those who have held the sword or helm, who have driven the plough or worked with the chisel, intelligence becomes a passion, a force, a beauty, a worship, and a love divine. It is from the stall, the shop, the work room, that the most powerful minds have issued. Maliere from the upholster's, Burns from the farmer's, Shakspeare from the hosier's shop, Rosseau from the wheelwright's. Long engaged in a struggle with physical nature they all took refuge in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind would soon become tempered to strength in these mechanical apprenticeships; and if ever the spirit of reform, which has seized on the world, should extend to the act creating citizens, we doubt not that good sense will gain a victory over custom, and that one of the most important parts of every education will be henceforth the due admixture of the developement of the mind and

its action on nature. KEEPING BUTTER .- At a recent meeting of the Dairymen's Association in Illinois, President King remarked that he had been a dealer in butter for thirty years, and considered that May, June and July produced the best, if properly made and put down. Butter containing lime or whey or milk will not keep. It should be made dry, come hard and be properly cured. Most people salt too high. It should be salted to the palate and it will keep, all in excess of this is injurious. The milk, cream, and all the surroundings of the butter room should be kept pure, as foul odors are certain to impart a disagreeable flavor .-Mr. K. stated that he knew a man to plant honey suckles and roses around the place where his butter was made, for the purposè of giving it an agreeable flavor. This was a pleasant conceit, whatever the influence on the dairy-room may have been.

CURE OF CORNS .- We clip from an exchange a remedy, which is said to be very effectual in removing those troublesome and painful excrescences. Should the remedy be what is claimed for it, its discoverer deserves the thanks of the entire community who suffer with them :

"One teaspoonful of tar, one of coarse brown sugar, and one of salpetre. The whole to be warmed together. Spread it on kid leather the size of the corns, and in two days they will be drawn out."

NAIL IN THE FOOT .- To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with bandage, and the cure is as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary; but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and horse in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lock jaw. These receipes, remembered and practiced, will save many valuable

SAUSAGE .- Housekeepers will do well to preserve the following first-rate recipe for sausage: To every twelve pounds of meat take three table spoonsful of salt, not much heaped, three table spoonsful of black pepper, eight table spoonsful of sage, and a tea spoot ful of red pepper. Good sausage is splendid with buckwheat cakes in winter, and I got this recipe from a friend whose sausage is always good as long as it lasts.

TO CURE SORE THROAT .- Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonsful of white sugar; grate in a nutmeg and then add in a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription, if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate cases of hoarsness in a short time.

- There is just the difference between punch and pinch, that there is between u and i.

POETICAL.

NOTHING BUT DEAVES. . Nothing but leaves. The spirit grieves
Overa wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made and never kapt:
Hatred, battles and strife—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; no gathering sheaves,
Of life's fair ripened grain;
Words; idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds,
We reap for toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last,
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet our Father so, Bearing our withered leaves?
The Savious looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him humbled, mute. Writing the words He breathes-Nothing but leaves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Peterson's Magazine.] THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

It had been snowing heavily all day, bu toward night had cleared off, and now a keen, bitter wind was blowing, that cut to the very bone. It was so cold, indeed, that but few persons were in the streets, although it was Christmas-eve. Usually, at this hour, on the night before the great holiday, the pavements were crowded with people; happy children going, hand in-hand, with their parents, to buy toys; gay lookers-on; maskers in grotesque garments; and boys blowing horns; everything and everybody jubilant with joy and merriment. But now the streets were almost deserted, for the snow lay a foot deep. In vain the shop windows blazed with gas and exhibited their very choicest stores .-Here and there a news boy, stooping to face the blast, cried the evening papers; and now and then a solitary cab drove almost noiselessly through the white streets. The gale roared through the trees of the public square, and the icicles rattled down from the eaves. It was as desolate a winter's night as you

Suddenly, a bare-footed little girl, thinly clad and shivering with cold, turned a corner, and came face to face with one of the most brilliantly-lighted toy-shops in that quarter of the town. She had evidently been abroad to gather fuel for a scanty fire, for she carried an old torn basket on her arm, in which were chips and other bits of refuse wood, which had been picked up anywhere and

everywhere. At sight of the dazzling window and of the glories it revealed, the poor little thing stopped. Her eyes sparkled with joy. Her breath came short. For a moment she forgot the want and misery at home--the fireless room, the empty cupboard, the sick mother-and could think of nothing but the lovely things the window contained. Oh! that doll, that glorious, gorgeous creature; the spangled dresses that seemed covered with diamonds; the funny, funny masks .-She had never had a Christmas-tree herself; but she had heard of such things, and she grasped, breathlessly, gazing at the doll. "Where will it go, I wonder? To some one who lives in a beautiful house, I expect,

and has everything she wants, even to pies and turkeys for Christmas," she added, in a longing little voice. "Oh, dear!"

That sigh reached the ear of a tall, dark man who was passing, leaning upon the arm of another gentleman. He looked down, at first with wonder, and then with pity, upon the sweet face and eyes; upon the little red hands that were grasping the basket; the poor, little hands that should have been white and

about their edges; upon the cleanly though thin garments; upon the bare feet; and then again into the deep, wistful eyes.
"What a pretty child!" he thought. "Poor little thing!" And he asked, stopping, his voice softened to tenderness, "What is your

dimpled; upon the chips with snow melting

name, little one ?" The child, roused from her absorption, looked up, startled, but, seeing a kindly face. she answered, dropping a courtesy,

"Lucy, sir !" Lucy! It was the name of his only sister, whom he had not seen for many a long year not since he had gone away, after the death of their parents, and the sale of the old homestead up in New England, determined to make his way in the world. What a train of memories it called up! He thought of the happy old days, and of sweet Hetty Moss, and then of the utter despair that followed when his father died a bankrupt, and his mother followed of a broken heart, and some far-away relatives came and took his sister out of charity, and old Deacon Moss shut his doors against him. The shame and anguish of it all returned on him as sharply as when he had first felt it, a lad of twenty; but back also came the memory of his sister, and he almost persuaded himself, for a moment, that the child before him looked like his "little Lucy" had looked at her age. There was a or of expectation in his voice, as he said,

"Lucy what, dear?" "Lucy Pettigrew." Ah! it was a name he had never heard .-But, remembering that his sister's child would not bear her mother's maiden name, he asked

"And have you always lived here?" "Always. As long as I can remember .-Father was a soldier, you know, and was killed in the war. Now there's nobody but mother and me." He looked again at the child. The fancied

resemblance to his sister had faded. The "little Lucy" of long ago had blue eyes and flaxen hair; both hair and eyes here were brown. There was an end of the dream, then !-He gave a sigh at the thought. But he put his hand in his pocket, took out a greenback

and offered it to the child, saying, "Don't you want some toys, my dear?" The child looked down. Her face was very red. Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution—she looked up and said,
"Oh, sir! it's five dollars! It would buy

mamma everything. She is sick, you know, and Lought to be home this minute; it was so wrong of me to stop here. If you please, sir, I'd much rather spend it for her," she said, rapidly and incoherently. "So you shall, dear! Hurry home now,

at any rate; but first tell me where you live?" starving. On the Christmas eve, when little my intention to join one "We live in Carpenter street, No. 10. And Lucy went out to see if she could gather a course of a few weeks." at any rate; but first tell me where you live ?"

Spirit of Jefferson

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, One Year,

NO. 17.

I may keep the five dollars, may I, sir?"

shawl about her and hurried away.

companion again, and said,

The gentleman, who had carried on this

conversation with Lucy, took the arm of his

"How all this brings back the past to me !

You have often heard me speak of Hetty

Moss. I suppose she is dead long ago," he added, with a sigh, "or married, which, for me, is worse. But at sixteen she was the

loveliest creature I had ever seen. I never

shall forget the day, after my father and mother had been buried, that I went to see

her; intending, even then, to go away and

try my fortunes, but expecting that she would bid me God speed, and that her father,

who had always been kind to me, would do

the same. Ah, Charley! we must all, sooner

or later learn hard lessons; and I learned my

first cruel one that afternoon. The old man met me himself. Well, I won't dwell on it.

He declined to let me see Hetty; called me

a 'beggar's brat, worse, the child of a bank-

rupt, and bade me begone. Ever since then I have had less faith in human nature."

fellow, you are too good to talk such non-

sense, and, please God! you'll be happy yet though not with Hetty."

"My first task, now that I am rich, and

home at last," answered the other, "will be

to get on the traces, if I can, of poor Lucy.

After I left America, I continued to write

for years, but never getting any answer, I finally gave it up. Christmas once over, I

shall start for the old homestead; but I fear

Meantime, Lucy was hurrying home, feel-

ing herself a new being. In spite of the snow,

question if there was a happier child in the

"See, mother! oh, see!" she cried when

she got home, with a great sob of happiness,

"we shall have some Christmas, after all; a

gentleman gave it me, and said it was five dollars. Oh, mother! mother! I'm so happy!

Why, I never heard of such a thing," and

her face fairly glowed. "Isn't it a-a mira-

"My dear child, it seems like one?" said

her mother, holding out her wasted hand,

and regarding the money.

The sad, sweet, wasted face lighted up with

a glow of thankfulness as she listened to the

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it was sent

for shoes and stockings for your poor feet.—
I cried to see you go out into the snow to-

day; and I prayed in agony to the dear Lord

want Christmas," said Lucy, with a disap-

pointed face. "He told me to go in and buy

toys. We never did have Christmas, and I

door; and when it was opened, in came two

stout men with an enormous basket between

them, and put it down; and there it sat look

ing up in the widow's face, with great round

eyes of potatoes and squashes, and bulging

"Who is this for?" asked Lucy's mother,

"It's for a widow by the name of Petti-

"I don't know who sent it-it's paid for,

"Oh, mother ! we're dreaming-just as sure

as you live we're dreaming!" cried the de-

lighted child, dancing about the basket .-

"Why, there's everything there; why, the Lord keeps working miracles, don't he?"

sinking back in her chair, quite overcome; and presently Hetty came in, a staid, sweet-

looking woman, not over thirty, with soft, dewy

"Why, Lucy, you've been your mother's good angel to day," said Hetty, stooping over the basket and lifting the packages. "Sure

enough, here's Christmas for you;" and she

There was another knock at the door, and

a tall man entered, and stood there on the

threshold. The sick woman looked up, and

a great cry, the cry of uncontrolled joy, rang

The man was on his knees beside his sister.

Explanations came brokenly. In spite of

his first disappointment, something kept telling the stranger that "little Lucy" might, after

all, be his sister's child. He could not rest,

therefore, until he had come to see. And

band and she had always been poor, and how

her husband had been killed at Antietam.

"you may thank her that I am yet alive."

Lucy told how she had married, but her hus-

"There is my guardian angel," said the

tearful woman, at last, pointing to Miss Hetty;

For the first time, now, the stranger saw

there was another woman in the room. There

was silence for the space of a moment. Miss

Hetty Moss looked him straight in the eye,

her color flitting and returning, the breath coming quick through her parted lips.

"It is you, Hetty—but you do not remem-ber me," he said, hesitatingly, yet appealingly.

"Yes, I do, Robert," came with a quick grasp. "Oh, Robert!" and as he rushed for-

ward, her hands were in his, her head upon

Then came Hetty Moss' story. She had always been faithful to her love. Her father,

after some years, had died insolvent. Hetty, after his death, had left the village where she

had been born, and had come to the great

city in search of employment. Here, by one

of these inserutable decrees of Providence that the ignorant call chance, she had come

across Robert's sister, now a widow, and almost

penniless. They had thrown in their lot

together. Hetty had skill with her needle,

besides some taste in dress, and had set up,

in a humble way, as a dress-maker. Some-

his arms about her, kissing her eyes, her lips,

took an enormous turkey from the basket.

blue eyes, and lips that always looked smiling.

"Call Hetty Moss, child," said her mother,

The door shut, the men had vanished.

Very soon there was a loud knock at the

"But I don't want the shoes, mamma, I

to help us; and this is the answer.

wanted to see how it seems."

packages that told of plenty.

"But who sent it?"

that's all I care about."

through the room.
"Robert! Robert!"

her forehead.

his shoulder.

quite pale.

grew.

five whole dollars to spend for Christmas !-

her bare feet, her cold, numb fingers, we

all clue to her is lost."

cle, mamma?

little narrative.

bluntly.

"No, you haven't," answered his friend,

"You think you have. But, old

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few sticks or chips, they had not a dollar "Certainly. You shall have a doll, too.—
I will bring it myself, to-morrow——"
"Oh! will you, sir?" she interrupted, her between them. "I have more money than I know what to do with," said the newly found brother .--You shall never, Lucy, dear, know want eyes dancing.
With these words she gathered her thin

again." Need we tell the sequel? How there wes a grand dinner in one of the most elegant private parlors of the Continental Hotel the next day; and how Hetty became a bride a week or two sfter; or how little Lucy never kenw again the pangs of poverty, or the long-ing for a Christmas doll!

Gin and Genius. The name of Edgar Allen Poe is of world-

wide fame; yet how many moths around the literary lamp think his genius was inspired by wine, and flee to it until a habit is formed that ends in dragging them down to destruction, just as his own exquisite organization was blunted by contact with the fell destroyer, his rare attainments nipped in the bud by the bitter frosts of desertion, and his star clouded at its zenith by the fumes of the punch-bowl; Many of these moths are daily met with in New York, who are a sad example to the young men of the day. The habit has fast-ened upon them; and they will dispose of their songs and sketches for less than half their value for the ready cash, that they may feed their unnatural and dangerous appetite for intoxicating liquors. Not long ago a man who claims to wear the mantle of the fallen Poe, was seen lying dead drunk on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street .--The name of the unfortunate man is familiar as a household word. He is a regular contributor to a widely circulated literary paper published in New York, and the author of a popular song, which has been wedded to music and scattered broadcast over the continent. A younger man of equal fame and greater genius, who is always the friend of strong drink, has sacrificed important and honorable positions as a writer for our leading journals on the fiery altar of appetite. He writes well and forcibly in prose and verse, and his great gifts are appreciated by our discriminating editors and publishers; but he is a chained slave of habit, and writes, not for fame, but for gin; not for money for his own purse, bu: for money for the hopper of the "gin-mill." Among the most popular contributors to our monthly magazines and weekly papers is a man of middle life, who has carned considerable sums of money, enough in the aggregate to constitute a competence for any reasonable person, yet he is always poor-and why ?-Because he spends his earnings for rum. A prominent man connected with one of the most influential daily papers of New York, has often been seen in the street of that city with his clothes soiled and torn, his eyes blackened from blows of the fist, his system convulsed with delirium tremens; yet that man, is a scholer, and one of the most attractivn writers in the country. There is a lesson here for the youth of the land. If they would avoid such a fate, let them shun the steps to it. The entrance to this road is pleasant and inviting, but much easier to leave than when it grows rugged, and the soul is chained to

The Christian Soldier in Death.

It was just after a battle where hundreds of brave men had fallen, never to bear arms again, and where hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came to the tent and said, "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded,

and wants to see you right away."

Hurriedly following the soldier, I was taken
to the hospital, and led to a bed upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood stained from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours to live upon the earth. Taking his hand, I said to him, "Well my brother, what can I do for you?" The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said, "Chaplain, cut a big lock from here for mother! for mother, mind Chaplain?" I hesitated to do it. He said, "Don't ba afraid, chaplain, to disfigure my hair, it's for mother, and nobody will come to see me in

the dead-house to morrow."

I did as he requested me. "Now chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me and return thanks to God."-'For what !" I asked. "For giving me such a mother. Oh! chaplain, she is a good mother; her teachings comfort and console me now .-And chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. Oh! what would I do now if I wasn't a Christian! I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that His finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are. Thank Him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there-there, where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death where I'll see Jesus, and be forever with the

I knelt by the dying man, thanked God for the blessings He had bestowed upon him -the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. Shortly after the prayer, he said, "Good-bye, chaplain; if you ever see, mother, tell her it was all well!"

CURE FOR HEART DISEASE.-A well known citizen of Carondelet, who has been afflicted for some years with palpitation of the heart has been cured by drinking tea made from the common field weed "Dandelion"that with a rough leaf and a yellow blossom; and desires that we should make public the simple remedy .- St. Louis Dispotch.

- When Alexander was giving away estates and domains with lavish prodigality, bafore setting forth on his Eastward march, Prdiceas asked him what he reserved for himself. Hope-was his sole reply. And the whole secret of his wondrous carner of insatiable conquest, fearless intrepidity and boundless aspirations, lies wrapped up in that sublime answer.

- A gentleman who owns a country seat nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote: "I always told you that river was

times she went out by day's work, and sometimes labored at home. In these latter cases, Mrs. Pettigrew helped her with her needle. - A lady was asked to join one of the di-But, latterly, the times had been hard, visions of the Daughters of Temperance .work was scarce; and both had been near She replied, "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the Sons in the